

THE  
**Saturday Magazine.**

Nº 303.

MARCH,



25<sup>TH</sup>, 1837.

{ PRICE  
ONE PENNY.



INTERIOR OF A GREEK DWELLING, IN THE ISLAND OF SIFANTO.

## THE GREEK ISLANDS. No. VI.

## SIPHANTO, OR SIPHNOS.

THE island which is at present known in the Levant by the name of Siphanto, is one of the group already mentioned, under the appellation of the Cyclades. It lies towards the southern end of the Archipelago of the *Ægean*, at the distance of about ninety miles due east from the Peloponnesus, or Morea, and about one hundred and thirty miles due west from Asia Minor, or Natolia. The part of Greece to which it approaches nearest, is Cape Colonna, (the ancient promontory of Sunium,) the southern extremity of the province of Attica, which is about fifty miles from it on the north-west. There are several islands around it at different distances; the nearest are, Antiparos, which at the distance of about twelve miles on the east, intervenes between it and Paros; and Argentiera, which at the distance of about six miles on the south-west, intervenes in like manner between it and Milo. Its figure is irregular; the direction of its length is from north-west to south-east; and on its south-western side it has several small indentures. Its circumference is usually reckoned at about forty miles; its extreme length does not exceed nine miles, and its greatest breadth scarcely half as many.

The ancient name of the island was *Siphnos*; in very early times it was called *Merope*, or *Merape*, and *Acis*. The ancient name is nearly preserved in the present appellation of *Siphanto*, and still more closely in that by which this island is known among the modern Greeks,—*Siphno*. The surface is rocky; granite and marble are said to exist in large quantities: yet the soil is fertile, and yields a sufficient supply of corn for the whole of the inhabitants. In point of cultivation, the island scarcely yields to any in the Archipelago. The climate is remarkably fine and healthy; or, as M. Choiseul-Gouffier says, "inspires regret at leaving it: the sky is almost always pure and serene. "There are men at Siphanto," says Tournefort, "a hundred and twenty years old; the air, water, fruit, wild fowl, poultry, everything there, is excellent; their grapes are wonderful, but the wines not delicate, and therefore they drink those of Milo and Santorin."

The chief, or rather the only, town of this island, is built on a mass of enormous rocks; a position which renders its appearance imposing, but its approach somewhat difficult. The classical fancy of M. Choiseul-Gouffier, was much delighted with the scene which he witnessed on his first entrance, and which recalled to his mind the golden days of ancient Greece.

I found (he says,) the principal inhabitants assembled under a kind of portico; and with difficulty could answer the questions which they precipitately put to me; all interrogated me, all spoke to me of Algiers, of Spain, of her fleets, and of the injury which a war would occasion to their commerce. To this volley of questions succeeded an interval of silence; with their eyes fixed upon me they awaited my replies. Those were examined, discussed, and combated; finally, the elders pronounced their opinions, and their political decisions appeared to be received with respect. I cannot describe what passed with me; it was one of those moments which seem to repay the traveller for his fatigues and his dangers; and though in the sequel I may have enjoyed pleasures of the same kind, never, at all events, has the illusion been so sudden, so vivid, and so complete. I thought myself carried back to the *beaux jours* of Greece; the portico, the popular assembly, the old men who were heard in respectful silence, their forms, their costume, their language, everything reminded me of Athens or Corinth, and those public places, where a people greedy for news gathered round the stranger and the traveller.

Besides this town, Tournefort mentions five villages in the island,—Artimone, Stavril, Catavati, Xambela, and Petali. There are, also, four convents of Greek monks, and two of nuns: to these latter, young women intending to take the veil are accustomed to repair from many of the neighbouring islands. Besides the little bay on which the town stands, there are four smaller openings on the coast, which have been dignified with the appellation of harbours. One of them is called *Faro*,—a name derived, perhaps, from a "Pharos," or lighthouse, which in all probability stood there in ancient times. There exists a medal of Siphnos, on one side of which is represented a tower with a man at the top of it, and on the other a head of Neptune. Yet none of these openings can properly be called a harbour, since none of them is accessible to anything but small boats; and even for these there is scarcely shelter, so that they are generally drawn upon land as soon as unloaded. A French writer has considered this want of harbours as among the felicities of the island; for, as he says, in times of war, it has preserved Siphanto from those hostile visits which have carried desolation to other islands.

In ancient times, Siphanto was famed for its rich mines of gold and silver; at the present day, the inhabitants scarcely know where these mines are situated.

To show us one of the principal, (says Tournefort,) they carried us to the sea-side, near San Sosti, a chapel half in ruins; but we saw nothing more than the mouth of the mine, and we could move no further, because of the intricacy and darkness of the place. Its situation did, however, recall to our mind the description which Pausanias gives.

Pausanias was a Greek, who wrote in the first century of the Christian era; and in speaking of Siphnos, he tells us, that a tenth part of the produce of its gold and silver mines used to be set apart for Apollo; but that the inhabitants, becoming greedy, at length refused to pay this tribute to the god, who, therefore, wreaked his vengeance, in destroying their mines, through the agency of an inundation of the sea. It has been supposed, that the record of a real event may be concealed beneath this tradition; and that the calamity in question may have been occasioned by an earthquake, the traces of which, may, perhaps, be still seen in the confused arrangement of the rocks of the island. Herodotus, who wrote five centuries before Pausanias, also mentions the gold and silver mines of Siphnos, as well as the consecration of a tenth of their produce to Apollo; he tells us, likewise, of another calamity of a different kind, which their wealth brought upon the islanders. More than five centuries before the Christian era, when Polycrates had made himself master of Samos, some of the inhabitants, who were discontented with his rule, induced the Lacedæmonians to join them in an attempt to effect his downfall; the city of Samos was besieged by their allied forces, but Polycrates attacking them, defeated them with great slaughter. The Lacedæmonians soon afterwards returned home:

And those of the Samians (says Herodotus) who had made war upon Polycrates, when the Lacedæmonians were about to leave them, themselves set sail for Siphnos; for they wanted money. At this time, the affairs of the Siphnians were in full vigour, and they were the richest of the islanders, because they had in their island gold and silver mines; insomuch that from the tenth of the wealth derived therefrom, a treasury was consecrated at Delphi equal to the richest; and they divided among themselves every year the rest of the produce. When they formed their treasury, they inquired of the oracle whether their present good things would last a long time; and the Pythia answered them thus:—

When in Siphnos the Prytaneum\* becomes white,  
And the Agora† white-fronted, then there is need of a wise man,  
To explain a wooden snare and a red herald.

The Siphnians then had their agora and prytaneum adorned with Parian marble.

This reply of the oracle they were not able to understand, neither then directly, nor when the Samians had arrived. As soon, however, as the Samians had come to Siphnos, they sent one of their ships, carrying ambassadors, to the city. Formerly, all ships were painted red; and it was this which the Pythia foretold to the Siphnians, enjoining them to be upon their guard against a wooden snare, and a red herald. The messengers having arrived, solicited the Siphnians to lend them ten talents; but the Siphnians saying that they would not lend them, the Samians plundered their fields. The Siphnians, hearing this, came directly to render their assistance, and engaging with them, were defeated; and many of them were cut off from the town by the Samians, who afterwards exacted from them a ransom of a hundred talents.

The mines of Siphnos must evidently have been worked at a very early period; as Herodotus is silent concerning their destruction or abandonment, we may infer that it took place at some time in the interval between his own age and that of Pausanias. Besides, however, its gold and silver, Siphanto is rich in lead; "the rains will make a plain discovery of this, go almost where you will throughout the whole island." The ore is described as of a grayish colour, and yielding a lead like pewter; it serves as a sort of natural cement, easily vitrifying, and is manufactured by the inhabitants into excellent utensils for various purposes.

Theophrastus, Pliny, Isodorus, write, that at Siphnos they used to carve out of a certain soft stone, a sort of pots to boil meat in; and that these pots would turn black, and grow very hard by being scalded in burning oil.

The drinking-cups of Siphnos were also in much request in days of antiquity. Tournefort describes some attempts made in modern times by the Turkish authorities, to render the lead-mines of Siphanto more productive; and he ascribes their failure to an apprehension on the part of the inhabitants, that if the mines were opened they would have to work in them, and their masters would take all the produce.

About fifty years ago (he says) there came to Siphanto some Jews, by order of the Porte, to examine into the lead-mines; but the burghers, fearing they should be constrained to work them, bribed the captain of the galliot that had brought over those Jews, to sink his vessel, which accordingly he did by boring holes in it while the Jews were aboard with a cargo of ore consigned to Thessalonica. This officer saved himself in his chaloupe; the rest went to the bottom. After this, some other Jews came over on the like errand, but made no better hand of it. The Siphniantes, to get rid of them at once, gave a sum of money to a corsair of Provence, who was at Milo, and who commanded a second galliot laden with Jews and lead-ore; so that the Turks and Jews both gave over their enterprise. The Turks did not dare to appear much abroad in these islands before the departure of the French privateers, who would often go and take them by the beard, and away with them on boardship, where they made slaves of them. Our privateers have sometimes been more successful in the preservation of Christianity than the most zealous missionaries: witness the following example. Some years ago, ten or a dozen families of Naxos embraced the Mahometan religion: the Christians of the Latin communion got them snapt up by the privateers, who carried them to Malta. Since which, no one has thought it worth while to turn Mahometan at Naxos. The famousest corsairs of the Archipelago had nought odious but the name of corsair. They were men of quality, and distinguished valour, who only followed the mode of the times they lived in. Did not Messieurs de Valbelle, Gardane, Colongue, come to be

captains and flag-officers of the king's fleet, after they had cruised upon the infidels? How many knights of Malta do we see supporting in the Levant the Christian name under the banner of religion? These gentlemen minister justice to such as address themselves to them. If a Greek insults a Christian of the Latin communion, the latter need but complain to the first captain that puts into that port: the Greek is sent for, taken up if he refuses to pay obedience, and bastinadoed if he has done amiss. The captains put an end to suits of law without lawyers or attorneys. The evidence is carried on board-ship, and the party against whom the trial goes, is sentenced to make satisfaction, either in money or dry blows; all this is done *gratis* by the judges, without fee or reward, unless perhaps a hogshhead of wine, or a good fat calf.

In spite of Tournefort's praises, the present inhabitants can hardly be supposed to regret that this summary mode of administering justice is no longer practised.

The population of Siphanto was stated by Mr. Turner, a few years ago, at 7000 persons: part of them belong to the Greek, and part to the Latin church. The Turks are very few in the island. The Greeks have an archbishop, who is the spiritual superior of several neighbouring islands. Travellers speak favourably of the inhabitants, whom they describe as kind and hospitable.

Their ancestors' morals were very scandalous: when any one was upbraided with living like a Siphantine, or keeping his word like a Siphantine, it was as much as calling him a rogue, according to Stephens the geographer, Hesychius, and Suidas.

They are principally occupied in some manufactures of a trifling extent; their cotton productions are in good repute, and their straw hats were at one time famous all over the Archipelago. Besides these articles, they carry on a slight commerce in the several raw products of their island, such as figs, capers, onions, oils, wax, honey, &c.

Our engraving is taken from the work of M. Choiseul-Gouffier, and represents the dwelling of his hostess, who is surrounded by her young family. "Her face was agreeable, but she was little and fat; in this respect she differed from the other women of the island, who are in general tall, pretty, and of light figure." The hammocks seen in the picture are much used for children in many of the islands; at Siphanto they seem to be larger, more elevated, and more inconvenient, than anywhere else.

The ladies of Siphanto (says Tournefort), to preserve their beauty when they are in the country, cover their faces with linen bandages, which they roll so artfully that you can see nothing but their mouth, nose, and the white of their eyes. You may be sure they have no very conquering air in such a disguise, but rather look like so many walking mummies, and accordingly they are more careful to avoid strangers, than those of Milo and Argentiera are eager to meet them.

In the history of Siphanto there is nothing of remarkable interest. On the division of the Roman empire, it fell, with the rest of the islands, within the eastern portion; and it remained under the dominion of the Eastern Emperor till the early part of the thirteenth century. Very shortly after the capture of Constantinople, by the Crusaders, in 1204, when the Doge of Venice became "Lord of one-fourth and one-eighth of the Roman Empire," the government of the Republic, sensible of its inability to retain the whole of its nominal acquisitions as strictly national dominions, granted possession of them to such citizens as would complete their subjugation at their own cost, and hold them as fiefs under the Republic. Hence arose the duchy of Naxos, in the Archipelago, under Marco Sanudo; and among other islands of which that celebrated adventurer made himself master, was Siphanto. The duchy subsisted in his family

\* The *Prutaneion*, or "Prytaneum," in the Grecian states, was a building in which various kinds of important public business were transacted; at Athens, the Prytaneum had a court of justice adjoining, where certain causes were tried.

† The *Agora* was a public place among the Greeks, corresponding to the "Forum" of the Romans.



for nearly three centuries; but Siphanto seems to have been separated from it long before the lapse of that period. On an octagon pillar of marble, near the castle-gate, there is, or at least was, to be seen an inscription in Gothic characters, recording the name of "Yandoly de Corona," and the date MCCCXLV.

This lord, (says Tournefort), we are told by the principal men of the island, was of Bologna, in Italy, father Otuly de Corogna, who gave his only daughter in marriage to Angelo Gozadini, Lord of Siphanto and Thermia. We saw at the house of the vicar of the Latin church, the instrument by which Otuly de Corogna, settled an estate in 1462, for the benefit of the church in the castle. The family of Gozadini were in possession of Siphanto, till Barbarossa made himself master of it under Solymán the Second. This family, (adds Tournefort, referring to the time when he visited the island,) is at present reduced to three brothers, who are confined to their beds almost all the year round; one by gout, another by a grievous rheumatism, and the youngest by a palsy.

Siphanto continued subject to the Ottoman Porte till the formation of the present kingdom of Greece, of which, with the rest of the Cyclades, it now constitutes a portion.

There are very few antiquities in this island. In his way from the landing-place to the castle, the visitor passes a beautiful marble tomb, highly ornamented:—

Consecrated, perhaps, to the memory of an hero, (remarks M. Choiseul-Gouffier,) the barbarism of the inhabitants has devoted it to uses the most vile; (or as Tournefort says,) it serves for a hog-trough.—All the monuments of Greece (continues the former writer,) experience the same fate; the very temples are constructed from the richest remains; here is an entablature, there a frieze, a magnificent cornice; statues are often worked into walls; in short, one cannot move a step in this country, without stumbling on *chef-d'œuvres*, the vestiges of that which it once possessed, and the evidences of that which it has lost.

There are two other marble tombs which exist in different stages of preservation in this island. There are, also, to be seen some fragments of stone, which are commonly called the ruins of a temple of Pan, simply because that rustic divinity is known to have been especially worshipped at Siphnos.

#### THE FIRST OF APRIL.

MINDFUL of disaster past,  
And shrinking at the northern blast,  
The fleecy storm returning still,  
The morning hour and evening chill,  
Reluctant comes the timid Spring:  
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,  
Murmurs the blossomed boughs around,  
That clothe the garden's southern bound:  
Scarce a sickly straggling flower  
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:  
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps  
From the dark dell's entangled steep;  
O'er the field of waving broom,  
Slowly shoots the golden bloom;  
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale  
Tinctures the transitory gale.  
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,  
Where the vegetable blaze  
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,  
Every chequered charm is flown,  
Save that the lilac hangs to view  
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land  
The beans their new-born ranks expand;  
The fresh-turned soil, with tender blades,  
Thinly the spreading barley shades;  
Fringing the forest's devious edge,  
Half-robed appears the hawthorn hedge;  
Or to the distant eye displays  
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,  
Skims in haste the village-green:

From the gray moor, on feeble wing,  
The screaming plovers idly spring:  
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,  
Explores awhile the tepid noon;  
And fondly trusts its tender dyes  
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,  
If a cloud should haply lower,  
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,  
Mute on a sudden is the lark;  
But when gleams the sun again  
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,  
And, from behind his watery veil,  
Looks through the thin descending hail;  
She mounts, and, lessening to the sight,  
Salutes the blithe return of light,  
And high her tuneful track pursues,  
'Mid the dim rainbow's scattered hues.

Where in venerable rows,  
Widely waving oaks enclose  
The moat of yonder antique hall,  
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;  
And, to the toils of nature true,  
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawn park,  
The lonely poet loves to mark  
How various greens in faint degrees,  
Tinge the tall groups in various trees;  
While, careless of the changing year,  
The pine cerulean, never sere,  
Towers distinguished from the rest,  
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,  
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile,  
And each trim meadow still retains  
The wintry torrent's oozy strains,  
Beneath a willow, long forsook,  
The fisher seeks his 'customed nook;  
And bursting through the crackling sedge,  
That crowns the current's caverned edge,  
He startles from the bordering wood,  
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,  
Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,  
And with eager bleatings fill  
The foss that skirts the beaconed hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke  
To lordly man's usurping yoke,  
The bounding colt forgets to play,  
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,  
And stretched among the daisies pied  
Of a green dingle's sloping side;  
While far beneath, where nature spreads  
Her boundless length of level meads,  
In loose luxuriance taught to stray  
A thousand tumbling rills inlay  
With silver veins the vale, or pass  
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet in these presages rude,  
'Midst her pensive solitude,  
Fancy, with prophetic glance,  
Sees the teeming months advance,  
The field, the forest, green and gay,  
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;  
Sees the reddening orchard blow,  
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;  
Sees June unfold his glossy robe  
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;  
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,  
And plenty load her ample horn.—WARTON.

THE Auricula was brought originally from Cairo; the Tulip from Cappadocia; the Pink and Carnation from Italy; the Lily from Syria; the Tuberose from Java and Ceylon; the Jessamine from the East Indies.

The Cauliflower was brought from Cyprus; Asparagus from Asia; Shalots from Siberia; Horseradish from China; Lentils from France; Kidney-beans from the East Indies; Potatoes from Brazil.—?

REMEMBER, that he is indeed the wisest and the happiest man, who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution, breaks through every opposition, that he may improve these opportunities.—DODDRIDGE.

## A NIGHT OF IMMINENT PERIL.

THOSE who have walked on the banks of the Adige, before Rovigo, will know, that about a league and a half from that town, there are one or two islands in the midst of the channel, between which and the shore, the water is not more than a foot deep; and those who have never stirred from home have probably heard that the Adige is extremely subject to violent inundations, equally remarkable for the suddenness of their rise and fall, owing to its mountainous origin and short course.

On the evening of one of the last days of May, I arrived opposite to one of these islands. The water was as pure as crystal, gently flowing over a fine pebbly channel; the island, which might be about forty yards from the shore upon which I stood, though more than double that distance on the other side, was inviting from its extreme greenness, and from a profusion of hyacinths upon one side; a flower to which I am extremely partial. Three or four trees also grew upon the edge, the trunks inclining over the water, and with but few branches. After a day's walk, nothing is more agreeable than wading in a stream; and as I had sufficient time to spare, I resolved upon reaching the island. This was soon accomplished; I found the depth nowhere exceed two feet, and the island as agreeable as I fancied it to be: and having culled a large bouquet, I lay down upon the hyacinth bank, and gave myself up to those pleasant recollections of home and past scenes which the fragrance of this flower brought along with it.

I had lain about a quarter of an hour, entirely forgetful of time and place, when my attention was slightly roused by a distant sound, which I supposed at first to be thunder; a great deal having been heard to the northward in the course of the day; and when it continued, and grew louder, I still supposed it was one of those prolonged peals, which are so frequent to the south of the Alps. Soon, however, the sound changed, and seemed like the sea; and as it became still louder, I started up in some alarm, and,—what a sight met my eye. At the distance of a few hundred yards, I saw a mountain of dark waters rushing towards me with inconceivable velocity, like a perpendicular wall, and now roaring louder than the loudest thunder.

Not a moment was to be lost; the level of the island would be instantly covered, and to gain the shore was impossible. I instantly made for the largest of the trees, and had gained an elevation of about ten feet above the island, when the flood reached it. As it came nearer, its power appeared resistless: it seemed as if it would sweep the island from its foundations; and I entertained not a ray of hope that the trunk upon which I was seated would escape the force of the torrent. It came, and the tree remained firm;—it covered the island and all its vegetation in an instant; and I saw it rush beneath me, bearing along with it the insignia of its power and fury—huge branches and roots, fragments of bridges, implements of household use, and dead animals.

As regarded myself, the first and immediate danger of destruction was over: but a moment's reflection;—one glance around me, showed that I had but small cause for congratulation. Betwixt the island and the shore, a torrent, that no human strength could withstand, rolled impetuously on; and, although not fifty yards over, it would have been as impracticable an attempt to pass it, as if its breadth had been as many leagues. The first rush had left the tree unloosened; yet, a second might carry it away: and the flood was still rising—almost every moment I

could perceive the distance between me and the water diminish, and, indeed, I was not more than four feet above its surface. I had only two grounds of hope,—the most languid, however, that was ever called by the name; it was possible that some person might see my situation from the shore, before night-fall, and bring others to my assistance; and it was possible, also, that the river might rise no higher, and speedily subside. The first of these chances was one of very improbable occurrence, for this part of the country is but thinly inhabited,—the high road did not lie along the river-side, and the shore, for three or four hundred yards from the channel of the river, was overflowed to the depth of probably three or four feet; and besides, it was difficult to see in what way human aid could extricate me. No boat could reach the island, and if a rope could be thrown as far, it was extremely improbable that I should catch it, as it was impossible for me to stir from the tree upon which I was seated;—and as to any likelihood of the water subsiding, there was no appearance of it: it was at all events impossible that this could happen before night-fall.

In this dreadful and perilous situation, evening passed away; no one appeared, and the river still continued to rise. The sky lowered and looked threatening; the torrent rushed by, darker and more impetuous,—every few moments reminding me, by the wrecks which it bore along with it, of the frailty of the tenure by which I held my existence. The shores on both sides were changed into wide lakes; and the red sun went angrily down, over a waste of red waters. Night at length closed in,—and a dreadful night it was. Sometimes I fancied the tree was loosening from its roots, and sloped more over the water; sometimes I imagined the whole island was swept away, and that I was sailing down the torrent. I found that my mind occasionally wandered; and I had the precaution to take out of my pocket a silk handkerchief, which I tore in several strips; and, tying them together, bound myself round the middle to a pretty thick branch which supported my back: this, I thought, might prevent me from falling, if giddiness seized me, or momentary sleep should overtake me. During the night, many strange fancies came over me, besides that very frequent one of supposing the island sailing down the torrent. Sometimes I fancied I was whirling round and round; at other times I thought the torrent was flowing backward; now and then I fancied I saw huge black bodies carried towards me upon the surface, and I shrunk back to avoid contact with them; at other times I imagined something rose out of the water beneath, and attempted to drag me down;—often I felt convinced I heard screams mingled with the rushing torrent, and once, all sound seemed entirely to cease, and I could have ventured almost to descend, so certain I felt that the channel was dry: once or twice I dropped asleep for a moment, but almost instantly awoke with so violent a start, that if I had not been fastened, I must have fallen from my seat.

The night gradually wore away;—it was warm and dry, so that I suffered no inconvenience from cold. I became nearly satisfied of the stability of the trunk, which was my only refuge; and, although deliverance was uncertain, at all events distant, I made up my mind to endure as long as I could; and thus I passed the night, under a starless sky, and the dark flood roaring beneath me. Before morning broke, I felt assured that the waters had begun to subside; the noise, I thought, was less: I fancied I saw shrubs appear above water on the island, and trees upon shore assume their usual appearance; and, with the

first dawn of day, I joyfully perceived that I had not been mistaken; the flood had fallen at least three feet; and before sun-rise, the greater part of the island was left dry. Never did criminal, reprieved upon the scaffold, shake off his bonds with more joy than I did mine that bound me to the tree. I crept down the trunk, which still hung over the torrent, and stepped about knee-deep on the island. I then waded to the part which was dry, and lay down, exhausted with the night's watching, and aching with the position in which I had been obliged to remain.

The water now continued to fall perceptibly every moment;—soon the island was entirely dry, and the inundation on shore had subsided into the natural channel; but still the torrent was too strong and deep to attempt a passage, especially weakened as I was by the occurrences of the last twelve hours, and by the want of food. I had no certainty as to the hour, for I had not, of course, remembered to wind up my watch the evening before;—judging from the height of the sun, however, the water had so much diminished before noon, that in two or three hours more I might attempt to gain the shore. About three in the afternoon, I accordingly entered the stream; I found it then nowhere deeper than four feet; and with a little struggling and buffeting, succeeded in gaining the bank which I once thought I should never have trodden more. The bunch of hyacinths, which I had not forgotten to bring from the island, I still held in my hand. I have dried a few of them, and kept them ever since: never do I smell this flower, as I walk through the woods or the fields, that I do not experience in part the sensations I felt when I lifted my head, and saw the impetuous flood rushing towards me; and, however dreadful a reality may be, the recollection of it is not unmixed with pleasure. I often open the leaves where lie these withered hyacinths, and I cannot say, that when I look upon them, I ever think they have been dearly purchased.

[Solitary Walks through many Lands.]

#### DIALOGUE OF THE VULTURES.

MANY naturalists are of opinion, that the animals which we commonly consider as mute, have the power of imparting their thoughts to one another. That they can express general sensations is very certain; every being that can utter sounds, has a different voice for pleasure and for pain. The hound informs his fellows when he scents the game; the hen calls her chicks by her cluck, and drives them from danger by her screams.

Birds have the greatest variety of notes; they have, indeed, a variety, which seems almost sufficient to make a speech adequate to the purposes of a life which is regulated by instinct, and can admit little change or improvement. To the cries of birds curiosity or superstition has been always attentive; many have studied the language of the feathered tribes, and some have boasted that they understood it.

The most skilful or most confident interpreters of the sylvan dialogues, have been commonly found among the philosophers of the East, in a country where the calmness of the air, and the mildness of the seasons, allow the student to pass a great part of the year in groves and bowers. But what may be done in one place by peculiar opportunity, may be performed in another by peculiar diligence.

A shepherd of Bohemia, by long abode in the forest, enabled himself to understand the voice of birds; at least, he relates with great confidence a story, of which the credibility is left to be considered by the learned. "As I was sitting," says he, "within a hollow rock, and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures interchangeably crying on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate.

"My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock. I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, till I found a cavity where I might sit and listen without suffering or giving disturbance.

"I soon perceived that my labour would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing, by the last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

"My children," said the vulture, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food; I have often regaled you with the flesh of man." "Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest?" "He is too bulky," said the mother: "when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground." "Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man? Is man more defenceless than a sheep?" "We have not the strength of man," returned the mother, "and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtlety; and the vultures would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not Nature, that devoted him to our uses, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise, and see fire with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vultures." "But when men have killed their prey," said the pupil, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till he is satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf?" "Man," said the mother, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species." "If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves?" "Because man will sometimes," replied the mother, "remain a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood." "But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter; I could never kill what I could not eat." "My child," said the mother, "this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtil bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the cry of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly, between the rising and setting of the summer sun; he had fed, year after year, on the entrails of man. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover more closely round them, pretend, that there is in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence, that he is, more than any other—a friend to the vultures."

[Dr. Johnson in *The Idler*.]

A GENEROUS disposition is so often in danger of being carried away from necessary caution, by the arts of the designing, that the following rule should always be borne in mind,—"Never lend more than you can safely afford to lose." Many are they whose families, as well as themselves, have suffered from the neglect of this caution.



## THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHEN we reflect on the number of curious monuments consigned to the bed of the ocean, in the course of every naval war, from the earliest times, our conceptions are greatly raised respecting the multiplicity of lasting memorials which man is leaving of his labours. During our last great struggle with France, thirty-two ships of the line went to the bottom in the course of twenty-two years, besides seven fifty-gun ships, eighty-six frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of Great Britain. In every one of these ships were batteries of cannon, constructed of iron and brass, whereof a great number had the dates and places of their manufacture inscribed upon them, in letters cast in metal. In each there were coins of copper, silver, and often many of gold, capable of serving as valuable historical monuments; in each were an infinite variety of instruments of the arts of war and peace, many formed of materials, such as glass and earthenware, capable of lasting for indefinite ages, when once removed from the mechanical action of the waves, and buried under a mass of matter which may exclude the corroding action of the water. But the reader must not imagine that the fury of war is more conducive than the peaceful spirit of commercial enterprise to the accumulation of wrecked vessels in the bed of the sea.

From an examination of Lloyd's lists, from the year 1793 to the commencement of 1829, it appeared that the number of British vessels alone, lost during that period, amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half daily, a greater number than we should have anticipated, although we learn, from Morcan's tables, that the number of merchant-vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounts to about twenty thousand and twenty tons. Out of five hundred and fifty-one ships of the royal navy, lost to the country during the period above mentioned, only one hundred and sixty were taken or destroyed by the enemy, the rest having either stranded or foundered, or been burnt by accident; a striking proof that the dangers of our naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all the other perils of the deep. Millions of dollars and other coins have been sometimes submerged in a single ship, and on these, when they happen to be enveloped in a matrix capable of protecting them from chemical changes, much information of historical interest will remain inscribed, and endure for periods indefinite, as have the delicate markings of zoophytes, or lapidified plants, in some of the ancient secondary rocks. In almost every large ship, moreover, there are some precious stones set in seals, and other articles of use and ornament, composed of the hardest substances in nature, on which letters and various images are carved; engravings which they may retain, when clouded in subaqueous strata, as long as crystal preserves its natural form. It was a splendid boast, that the deeds of the English chivalry, at Agincourt, made Henry's chronicle

..... As rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the deep,  
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.—?

WERE we to believe nothing but what we could perfectly comprehend, not only our stock of knowledge in all the branches of learning would be shrunk up to nothing, but even the affairs of common life could not be carried on.—  
TUCKER.

## HAPPINESS ATTAINABLE AT EVERY SEASON.

A VERY prevalent cause of the unhappiness of so many in mature life exists from our fixing the thought, wish, passion, and pursuit, on something which is not in our possession, and which we cannot command, or which is really unattainable by the individual who cherishes the desire.

It is the general misfortune not to be content with what we have; not to see or cultivate the sources of comfort which, in our personal circumstances, may be realized; and not to value what we are enjoying, because we have it, and by the daily use of it become indifferent to it, till we learn its importance by its departing from us. If every one would but study to extract pleasure from their means of pleasure, however humble, and to be as happy as it is in their power to make themselves in their situation, without looking at other means of gratification which are not within their reach, all would experience a comfortable manhood, and learn, from their own sensations, that every one may be in this agreeable condition. The apostle presents to us the true and golden rule on this subject;—"For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." On this principle we shall find, that we may all sing with sincerity the sensible old song,—

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such perfect joy therein I find.

Every class of life may, by this means, be the builders of their own happiness here, in a much greater degree than most believe; and we may all make ourselves as joyous in a cottage as in a palace. How often have travellers verified this possibility! And we should all remember, that we are but sojourners and travellers here. Life is a journey; our habitations in it our inns, and we are all moving with various speed to a permanent home, which will be a paradise to every being, if we will take the trouble,—not overburdensome,—to make it so to us.

But, is every manhood thus happy? Is it not the complaint and the experience, that it is accompanied with disease, trouble and sorrow, anxieties and vicissitudes? Certainly it has these visitants; and we all, in great diversities of degree and mode, have to receive and to endure them. But there are evils, which arise from the actions and conduct of others, by which we are affected, or by our own mismanagement, or by that state of things which, as man has shaped his social world in disregard or opposition to better laws or principles, he has brought upon himself. We are all living and walking in a labyrinth and entanglement of human things, which human errors and follies have been for ages creating and continuing, and by which the Divine formations and provisions for our benefit, are every day and hour counteracted. The natural is chequered and saddened greatly by the artificial.—SHARON TURNER.

..... HEAVEN hath assigned  
Two sovereign remedies for human grief;  
Religion, surest, firmest, first, and best,  
Strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm,  
And strenuous action next.—SOUTHEY.

THE lessons of adversity are often the most benignant, when they seem the most severe. The depression of vanity sometimes ennobles the feeling. The mind which does not wholly sink under misfortune, rises above it more lofty than before, and is strengthened by affliction.—  
CHENEVIX.

NEVER look above you until you are secure of the ground on which you move.—?

THE RUINS OF  
BRADSOLE, OR ST. RADIGUND'S ABBEY,  
NEAR DOVER.

THESE picturesque ruins are situated about three miles to the south-west of the town of Dover. The name of the founder of the Abbey is uncertain, but the date of its foundation is about the year 1191. It appears gradually to have increased in wealth and consequence, and about the latter end of the reign of Edward the Sixth was thought of sufficient importance for the Abbots to receive a summons to Parliament. In the twenty-seventh year of Henry the Eighth, St. Radigund's was included in the list of suppressed religious institutions, and the King granted it, together with all its lands and possessions, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, however, exchanged again with Henry, and it was bestowed upon his secretary, Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex; at his attainder it again reverted to the Crown.

The site of this Abbey is on a hill, in a most retired and unfrequented situation; the ruins, which are overgrown with ivy, cover a large space of ground, and show it to have been not only of great extent but handsomely built. The walls of the entrance-gateway, which are of great thickness and strength, are still nearly entire; this gateway opens by a large arch in the centre, and has a smaller arch adjoining for foot-passengers. The north and west sides of the chapel, with part of the dwelling, now patched up as a farm-house, are also standing; the latter had a projecting porch in the centre, but this now forms the end of the building. That part of the front which adjoins it, is curiously chequered with flint and stones, but the chief portion of the ruins is built of flint intermingled with chalk, with freestone corner-stones. In the farm-yard is a large pond, from

which it is supposed the name of Bradsole arose, the word *soale*, or *sole*, being a Kentish provincialism for pond.

According to a manuscript quoted by Grose, this Abbey was in a very dilapidated state about the year 1500, owing to the extravagant and dissipated habits of the abbot. Common report says that the foundations of the building contain numerous subterranean passages, which are said to extend to a great distance. The whole of the buildings appear originally to have been surrounded by a broad ditch or moat, enclosing a large circular plot of ground. Leland, who visited them about the middle of the sixteenth century, thus describes their state at that time:—

St. Radigundis standeth on the toppe of a hill, iii little myles by west, and sumwhat by sowth, from Dover. There be white chanons, and the quier of the churche is large and fayr. The monaster ys at this time netely mayntayned, but it appereth that in tymes past the buildings have bene more ample than they be now. There ys on the hille fayre wood, but fresch water laketh sumtyme.

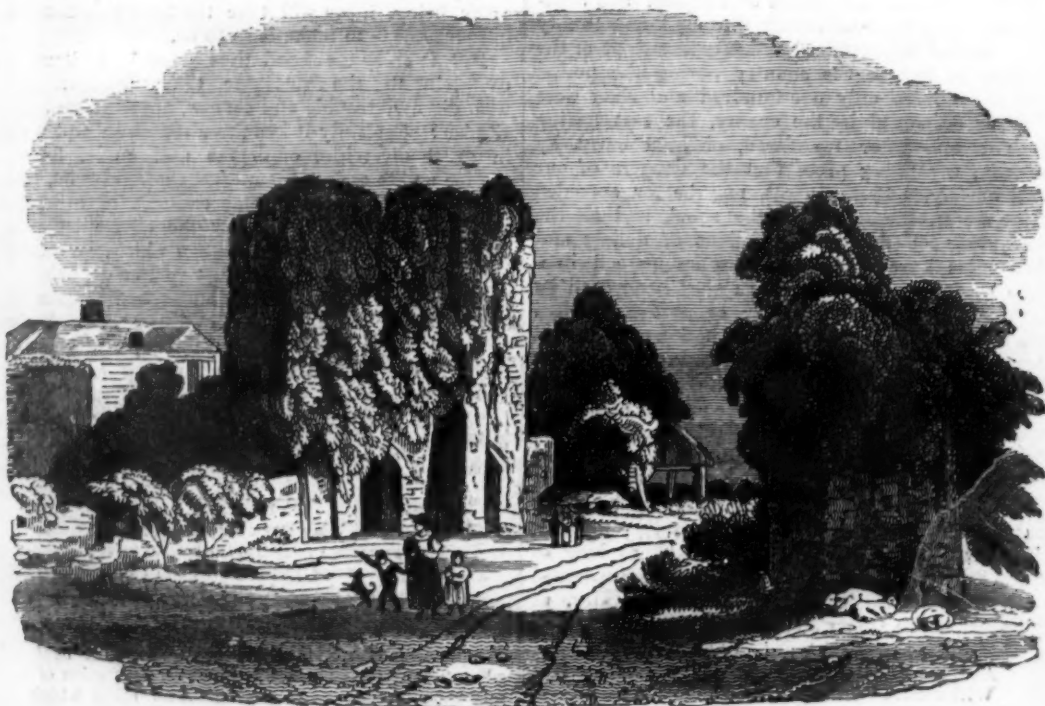
THE voice which I did more esteem

Than music in her sweetest key;  
Those eyes which unto me did seem  
More comfortable than the day;  
Those now by me, as they have been,  
Shall never more be heard, or seen;  
But what I once enjoyed in them  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus;

So little hold of them have we,  
That we from they, or they from us,  
May in a moment ravished be.

Yet we are neither just nor wise,  
If present mercies we despise;  
Or mind not how there may be made,  
A thankful use of what we had.—WITHER.



THE RUINS OF ST. RADIGUND'S ABBEY.